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Only One.

Who knows of the steps it takes
To keep the home together,
Who knows of the work it makes?
Only one—the mother.
Who listens to childish woes
Which kisses only smother,
Who's pained by naughty blows?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the untiring care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Who knows of the tender prayer?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Who knows of patience sought?
Only one—the mother.
Who knows of the anxious fears
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years?
Only one—the mother.
Who kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father
For that sweetest gift—a mother's love?
Only one—the mother.

—*Home Journal.*

Things In General, Some Things In Particular.

Our Home Work.—Last Sunday we again went into the baptismal waters. This time a young brother some twenty four years of age, as we were preparing for the ordinance, he said; "Mc. I never expected to do this." I hope Henry you will never regret it, we are often lead in paths we least expected to see. God's ways are not our ways, well will it be, if we can truly sing:

"Only thou our leader be
And we still will follow thee."

At a special church meeting we elected delegates to the State Convention. Bro. P. B. Clymer is one. We also considered the College, and if we were able we would soon satisfy all claims. We are moving on in our work, slow but as fast as we could expect. For the first time death has claimed one of our number, Sister Mamie Kolb. A notice no doubt will appear in due time.

A Sunday Night Rest.—Bro. Alex. Querns, preached for me on Sunday night. Bro. Q. is an earnest preacher, a member of the Reformed Episcopal Church, a believer in immersion, and a Christian gentleman. His subject was under two heads. 1st, God blots out sin. 2nd, He does it with his own hand. The sermon was earnest, pointed, and strong. A strong point made was that man could not forgive sin for he had not the record of sin. The appeal to escape the Recording, Offended, Rejected, Avenging hand of God by accepting Christ made an impression. Bro. Q. is our standby in the way of help. When called away, he is always ready to help us along. It is very pleasant to have friends who are friends indeed. If there is anything I enjoy, it is to hear a good sermon. I get tired of hearing myself talk sometimes, and a short rest is much appreciated. All my brother preachers will understand this.

"A Blue Stocking All The Way Through."—So says my brother Frank, who is a Presbyterian preacher. Frank is my youngest brother and probably gets his "blue" streak from my grand-parents on Father's side. He wrote me a long letter and devoted four pages to me for not writing more frequently, and longer letters. I often get it for not writing longer letters, but Frank ought not to complain for according to his theory, it was foreordained from all eternity that he should get so many letters from his brother John Duke during 1888, and they should be so long, and if those letters are only one page, and three months apart, he should interview Providence for the arrangement and not scold his poor brother. But I think I have been predestined to write a longer letter next time. We might all be more careful about our correspondence, a few kind lines does much good. I hope my friends will do good for evil.

Your Letter May Be Like This.—On March 16th, 1887, I wrote a letter in answer to some questions and addressed it to Wm. F. Rippeto, Leroy, Virginia, and mailed it March 17th, at Fairplay. Last week it was returned to me through the dead letter office. I presume it remained in the post office and was not even sent out. Some post masters are as dumb as some preachers. Letters under the former fail to reach their destination, and souls under the latter fail to reach heaven. I mailed the letter and directed the envelope just as I did before and I believe it will reach its destination, rather stale, Rippeto, but better late than never. Letters sometimes are misdirected, sometimes no names are signed, then a letter follows filled with gun power. All right. Perhaps these things are essential to help patience have her perfect work. I am glad I once heard Bro. Nininger preach on: "Be still and know God."

A Point Against The Seventh Day Adventist.—If the seventh day Adventist want a good field of labor, they should come to Philadelphia and work among the Jews. A large congregation in this city are now having services on Sunday. They also have services on Saturday, but this is only to ease the change from one to the other. The time is coming when Saturday services will be a thing of the past and there will be one day—the Lord's day. I have investigated the seventh day question and in my judgment there is nothing in it. When the Jews themselves are turning face about, it is time for Gentiles to stop trying to be Jews. The time has come when the good of all nations and of all denominations are seeing that the world's salvation must be worked for, and to this end, dead issues are being set aside. Conservatives the world over, are in the progressive churn, good butter is continually coming, and there will be nothing left after while but a lot of sour milk.

"It is the tightest shoe I ever had on."—So said a gentleman who called to see me for some advice and help. He had reference to trouble. True there are a great may tight shoes to wear in the world, and sometimes they pinch terrible. Disappointment is such a shoe, so is sickness, so is poverty, so is sin in its various manifestations. But often it is the fault of the shoe, and then again it is just as much the fault of the foot. If people would stop trying to get a number six foot into a number four shoe, there would not be so much pinching. If people would endeavor to live within their income there would be less trouble. A person should have an eye to consequences. Try to avoid them. Then having done all to prevent calamity, if it comes, make the most of it, meet it bravely, wear the shoe, get the foot use to it, and after while the pinch will not be so sever. I presume we all know what light shoes are, both in a literal and in a figurative sense.

One Hundred Thousand Copies.—We want to sell this many copies of THE STORY OF JESUS during the coming year. We said this to a brother not very long ago, and he smiled a sickly kind of smile, as though he wanted to encourage me, and yet the corners of his mouth showed a skeptical condition of mind. Why should not this number of books be sold. It fills a place no other book does. There is no book on this subject, treated in this way, containing 80 pages, containing 17 illustrations, and selling for 10 cents. The cheapest book that I know of (aside from this) on the subject sells for 60 cents. It is said he who laughs last, laughs best. I have not done any laughing yet. Hunting cuts, raising funds, preaching the gospel, and pastoral work, have kept the puckering strings of my mouth close, but wait until I get that hundred thousand sold and I will laugh. But, now look here, won't you help us scatter a package of this book?

There Is A Nugget Of Truth In This Lump.—

"My pastor, I have somewhat against thee." Ah! What is it?" "I was sick, and you did not visit me." "Did you desire me to visit you?" "Why, certainly. The presence, sympathy and prayers of the pastor are naturally expected by the sick of his people." "As a rule, I suppose they are; but your case, it seems, was exceptional." "What do you mean?" "I mean that you did not desire anything I might have done for you in your sickness; so far from it, you did not wish me to know that you were sick." "How can you say that?" Well, let us see. Did a physician visit you? Yes. How did he know you needed him? Why, I sent for him, of course. Exactly, but you treated me differently, the physician would not know that you were sick unless you informed him, and you did inform him, because you desired his presence, but the pastor, by some sort of *clairvoyance*, peculiar to himself, was to know what the physician could not know, and so you took no pains to give him a needless message! Is that it, brother? Now, be candid: Am I not to understand that, as you did not send for me, my presence was not desired? Pardon my plainness, I think, in comparative treatment of your physician and your pastor, your complaint is both unreasonable and unjust."

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

News Along The Line. Prosperity of The Churches.

As my labors are now closed in Ind., and my departure for uncultivated fields is nearing, I will chronicle a few of the closing scenes.

Previous to the first Lord's day in this month we met with the church at Salem, Ind., and on Lord's day evening preached our farewell sermon. To say that we had a good time would be a poor expression. We just "sat in heavenly places in Christ Jesue." Our beloved brother, B. L. Gordon, was chosen by the church as our successor. God bless Bro. Gordon in his arduous labors. On Thursday evening the 6th, was with the brethren at North Manchester. Attended their semi-annual lovefeast, which was a feast indeed. At this feast we met quite a number of the brethren and sisters from adjoining congregations. Had a happy reunion.

On Friday, the 7th, in company with our esteemed Bro Summers, we wended our way to the brethren of the Bunker Hill congregation, where on Saturday they were to have a Sabbath School picnic. But while at breakfast on Saturday morning I received a message from Chili of the death of our old sister, Dentler, who was baptized not long ago in a chest of water. Preached her funeral in the Conservative church to a large concourse of people. After the funeral, was taken by Bro. and sister Flora to Bunker Hill. As we were a little late in getting there, by previous arrangements our Bro. W. W. Summers was occupying the rostrum. Had services on Lord's day and in the evening preached our farewell sermon, then turned it over to Bro. Summers, who will be my successor in the work. On Saturday evening, the 15th, had our annual love feast in the Roann church, which was a feast indeed. About one hundred communed. On Lord's day evening following the feast preached our farewell sermon to a large and attentive audience. Our Bro. Perry will succeed us in the Roann church. God bless my former charges that they may prosper in the future as they have in the past.

J. W. FITZGERALD.

The Snowhill Institute.

Since an article has appeared in the EVANGELIST a short time ago on the founding of the Snowhill Institute, some persons might be interested to know more about the place.

The farm of one hundred and thirty acres of land, is still here, with buildings and fine springs of water. The great want is spiritual-minded people. The grounds have been used over a hundred years for holding religious meetings, and the buildings were erected chiefly for single people.

There has a great deal been said about the place going to nothing, but I am pretty sure that three or four or more spiritual-minded persons would keep it up a good while longer.

It is a great question what is wrong with the place, and there does seem to be something wrong somewhere. My impressions were that the place was too much under the control of people who were not "born again," and the natural mind is not subject to the laws of God.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

There are empty rooms here where a number of single people could stay, and would be needed to keep the place from going to nothing, but they ought to possess some knowledge of being "born again." I sometimes have made myself these thoughts if some person somewhere was persecuted because of their faith, they could find a place here to stay.

CONSERVATIVES AFTER THE INSTITUTE.

There are still some indications that a complicated lawsuit may follow from the proceedings which certain parties have commenced at la . From what we have learned it appears that J. L. Kittinger, of Fairfield, Adams Co., Pa., is one of the leading men who have been concerned in the management of the proceedings. This J. L. Kittinger is said to be a member of the Conservative Tunker Brethren church. This man Kittinger has had instruments of writing prepared and printed and is sending them abroad hundreds of miles, to obtain signatures which read as follows:

Know all men by these presents, that ——have made, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do make, constitute and appoint David Wills and Thad M. Mahon our true and lawful Attorneys for——and in ——name——to institute and conduct such legal proceedings as they may deem necessary, also to bring such suits at law, to recover for us the legal heirs of Andrew Snowberger, late of Franklin County, Pa., deceased, any interest or share we may have in any real estate belonging to estate of said descendant, and especially in the real estate conveyed by said Andrew Snowberger to Abraham Ely et al. and their successors in trust by deed which is duly recorded in the Recorder's office, Franklin County, Pa., Vol. 13, Part 1, pages 359, 360, 361, and all personal property on or about said premises, and for their professional services said attorneys are to receive one-fourth of the amount received by them. with power also on attorney or attorneys under them to make and substitute in and concerning the premises, and the same at their pleasure to revoke, giving and granting unto our said attorneys or their substitute or substitutes, full power and authority to do and perform all and every act and thing whatsoever requisite and necessary to be done in and about the premises, as fully to all intents and purposes as might or could do if personally present, hereby ratifying and confirming all that the said attorneys or their substitute or substitutes should lawfully do or cause to be done therein by virtue of these presents.

In testimony whereof — have hereunto set hand and seal this——day of ——in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred——

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of——

Now if this is not the work of J. L. Kittinger, a member of the Conservative Tunker Brethren church, then I would like to see the authorities of the church prove the contrary.

I take just this ground: We bought the property of the heirs for eight thousand dollars, which was more than it was worth at the time. We have the releases to show it is ours, and we are going to do with it what we please.

OBED SNOWBERGER.

Quincy, Pa.